

A

S A T Y R I C

P O E M.

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S A T Y R I C

P O E M

W H I L E Heavy Dulness spreads her leaden
Wings;
While venal Senates swell the pride of Kings;
While pamper'd Slaves assembled at a feast,
Their Country sell, to gratify their taste;
While vice and folly rule the sicken'd land;
And ev'ry Ruler bears the Villain's brand;
Shall I behold impending ruin fall;
And tamely view destruction crush us all;
Tamely behold the mighty Tempest burst;
Curst be the thought and doubly be accurst
The Wretch, by base, by slavish fears confin'd,
Who dares not shew the freedom of his mind;

Who tremble at the thoughts of Dungeons chains,
 Of Sidney's fate, or honest Russel's pains,
 Pains whose idea never can controul
 The gen'rous rage that heats a noble soul;
 And prompts the Worthy Bard to call to light
 Crimes black as Hell, and darker than the night.
 This now's my task tho' never so before,
 But Wilkes is exil'd, Churchill is no more;
 Uncensur'd Scoundrels fearless pass along;
 Securely sin, unlash'd deceive the throng;
 Rejoice that Satyr from the Realm has fled;
 That Wilkes is banish'd, and that Churchill's dead.
 But know, ye Slaves, that when the Phoenix dies,
 From his remains another Phoenix flies,
 So mighty Churchill from thy ashes springs
 A Bard who, like thee, wou'd not crouch to Kings;
 A Bard like thee who scorns to take a bribe;
 Who like thee hates the cringing Scottish tribe,
 That can a Bute an Aristides call;
 A vile ignoble Herd of Traitors all.
 But let me first survey my native Isle,
 Where may be seen a Herd of Men as vile;
 Tho' not so num'rous; Lord it o'er the Realm;
 The Senate blacken, and disgrace the Helm.
 Thee, Brutus, first my duty 'tis to sing,
 Sent here to bless us, by a gracious King;

Whose

Whose Fav'rite in his mighty wisdom, saw,
 That thou wert greatly learned in the Law.
 Canst thou forget, when in thy Father's shop,
 A Cheshire Cheefe thy pillow, and thy prop,
 Thou lay'st revolving, on thy future fate;
 But not so much as hoping to be great:
 Canst thou forget the form that then appear'd;
 And all those wholesome precepts which you heard.
 My Brute, she cry'd, my dear, my darling Boy,
 Pride of my life, and of my soul the joy,
 The council treasure, which I now impart;
 And write my doctrine on your youthful heart;
 So, in that greasy flannel nightcap's place,
 A mighty wig thy awful head shall grace.
 Go seek some vile Attorney, big with art
 To cheat Mankind, and play the Villain's part:
 Learn all the vices of the Scoundrel trade;
 Then seek a Patron and your fortune's made.
 The method's easy, find a Man in pow'r;
 A noble Peer, who from his natal hour,
 Has been Spectator to the vilest crimes;
 Who's practis'd all the vices of the times;
 Who'd stab his Monarch, and his Country sell,
 Blaspheme with God, and league with Fiends of Hell.
 When his Valet, become thy stedfast Friend,
 Shall to his Lord my Brutus recommend,

Be

Be sure to flatter, cringe, and lick his shoes,
 To be his Pimp, and bring from Sodoms Stews
 A ruddy Youth, with buttocks plump and fair ;
 But first for thine own purpose make them bare.
 At last when, with thy services well pleas'd,
 Thou art thro' him to some high station rais'd
 In dull Boeotia, exercise thy parts,
 And build thy Grandeur on thy Master's arts.
 There to the first Employments shalt thou rise,
 Impose on all, and be surnam'd the Wise.
 Well to observe her precepts hast thou known ;
 Clearly's the truth of her prediction shewn
 By that amazing height on which you stand,
 And scatter Proclamation o'er the land.
 Oh! haughty Prelate, Father to an Heir,
 That lustful Youth who lov'd a forrel mare!
 Can I forget you'd rather lift a smock
 Than be the careful Pastor of thy Flock.
 How com'st thou sow'st so oft, thy tainted seed,
 And curf'st Man, with thy infernal Breed.
 How com'st that thou wou'd'st at preferment's call,
 Before the Devil and his Angels fall.
 How is't thou'r better pleas'd to stuff thy maw ?
 Than to observe thy feign'd Preceptor's Law?
 For shame before thy Name and Carcase stink,
 Before thou standest on damnation's brink,

T'ap-

T'appease thy Master and thy God begin ;
 And let Repentance cleanse thee from thy sin.
 Thou wicked Peer whom all good Men detest,
 Whose Heaven lies beneath a Harlot's breast ;
 Thou who hast try'd thy Brethren to enslave ;
 And build thy Greatness on thy Country's grave ;
 Thou who hast broken faith with all Mankind,
 In Carcase rotten, and deprav'd in mind ;
 Shall I, thro' servile terror, pass thee by,
 No I will drag thee from thy filthy sty ;
 No I will summon thy black deeds from Hell,
 Teach them to Babes to lisp and Boys to spell.
 You adulate the Great, and scourge the Poor,
 Deny your Saviour, and adore your Whore,
 Thy priceless freedom thou hast basely sold,
 And art in vice and infamy grown old.
 Hail, plump Silenus, mighty Sultan, hail ;
 Whose Gods are flasks of Wine, and loins of Veal ;
 Who, in the morning, go to Council drunk,
 Return at noon, and vomit on thy Punk.
 Perdition seize me when I fear t' expose
 Thy pamper'd Body, and thy purple Nose ;
 The crimes by which thou wert a Sultan made ;
 The tongue with which thy Country thou'st betray'd ;
 Thy servile fawning and thy haughty stride,
 Thy meanness, cunning, insolence, and pride.

Fungus thou excrement of all the vile ;
 Thou pestilential scourge that plagues our Isle ;
 Thou baleful weed, that in a trice hast sprung
 High as the Heavens from thy bed of Dung ;
 Come forth, thou subject of my honest rage ;
 Thou damn'd abortion of th' unhappy age,
 May light'ning blast thy fulminating voice ;
 May thunder crush thee, for thy slavish choice,
 By which impel'd you chose to barter fame
 For curses, hatred, infamy, and shame :
 Reflect, thou Traitor, on those glorious days
 When all the land resounded with thy praise ;
 Think on the pleasure of Mankind's applause
 When thou pretendest to maintain our cause.
 Compare thy present with thy former state,
 And tell me which 'tis better to be great,
 Great with ten thousand curses on thy head,
 Thy glory wither'd, and thy honor dead,
 Or, with thy native fortune, live secure,
 Lov'd by the rich and worship'd by the poor.
 Ere you had yet convinc'd all Human kind
 Thy words were froth, and thy professions wind,
 All Men were pleas'd to take thee by the hand ;
 And call'd thee Prop, and Saviour of the land.
 Ah ! as you feign'd, hadst thou been good and brave ;
 Hadst thou disdain'd to be a Viceroy's slave ;

If thou, to Pow'r hadst scorn'd to bend the Knee;
 If thou hadst had the virtue to be free;
 Hadst thou rejected thy, dear purchas'd, place,
 That badge of shame, of slav'ry and disgrace;
 Hadst thou adher'd to honor's sacred laws;
 Hadst thou maintain'd the injur'd Orphan's cause;
 Soon might thy wealth have equal'd thy great fame;
 So shou'd'st thou have preserv'd a deathless name;
 So shou'd thy worth the Poet's page adorn
 For all that live, and Nations yet unborn.
 What hast thou got by thy infernal arts,
 Perverted talents, and misused Parts?
 What have thy machinations brought about?
 What but a Coach, two Courses, and a Gout:
 What but a Gout, two Courses, and a Coach,
 A poor exchange for hatred and reproach!
 Shall I of dull rapacious Senex sing,
 That cheating blockhead; that unfeeling thing;
 That Wretch of which 'twou'd sagest Dames perplex;
 With nice inspection, to find out the Sex;
 That pois'nous Toad, its honest Tenants curse,
 Darker than Hell, and than the Devil worse.
 Yes, I will of rapacious Senex sing,
 That cheating blockhead, that unfeeling thing;
 That Wretch of which 'twou'd sagest Dames perplex,
 With nice inspection to find out the Sex;

That

That pois'nous Toad, its honest Tenants curse,
 Darker than Hell, and than the Devil worse;
 But where shall I a proper tincture find,
 To represent the Bane of Human kind.
 I thank thee, Muse, for thy propitious aid;
 You've cull'd th' ingredients and the tincture made,
 Made it of foam, snatch'd from the Stygian lake;
 Of poison, taken from th' envenom'd Snake;
 Of Brains of Asses, and of croaking Frogs;
 Of Blood-hounds, Cormorants, and Spaniel Dogs;
 Of Bones of Traitors to their Countries cause;
 Iscariot's heart, and Verres' griping paws.
 Salacious Goblin, 'tis not thy reproach
 That once thy Father stood behind a Coach;
 But 'tis that thou 'mongst Whores should spend thy life,
 Neglect thy Children, and desert thy Wife;
 Pursue the arts by which thy Father rose,
 When he disdain'd to wear a Footman's Cloaths.
 Tell me, thou vile emaciated Fool,
 Art thou not proud to be a Viceroy's tool;
 A Bashaw's Slave, prepar'd to play thy part,
 And fix a dagger in thy Country's heart.
 Gripus by no one lov'd beside thyself,
 Thou who sit'st brooding o'er ill gotten pelf;
 To future Ages shalt be handed down
 That thou wou'd'st spit on Christ, for half a crown.

When

When thou ly'st rotting, in the silent tomb ;
 Thou who'dst rip open thy fond Mother's womb ;
 Thou who thy Father's entrails wouldst not spare,
 If thou could'st hope to find a Guinea there.
 The frighted Child, that hugs its Mother's breast,
 Shall hear thy Deeds, and hearing shall detest,
 Detest thy deeds, and execrate thy name ;
 Thy Wife's confusion, and thy Children's shame !
 Thou than wild Savages art far more fell ;
 Thou who if sixpence would redeem from Hell
 The Human Race, condemn'd to endless pains,
 Wou'd'st just as soon dash out thy dirty brains,
 As buy Salvation, at so dear a price,
 Slave as thou art to Fiends, and spouse to vice !
 Ambition call'd and of his own accord,
 Thy Monarch hearing, said I'll make thee Lord ;
 A Lord, you cry'd, then if destruction crush,
 And beggar thousands I don't care a rush :
 What is't to me if Sixty thousand Graves
 Ope their wide jaws for Sixty thousand Slaves,
 Ruin'd and starv'd, by Villains like to me,
 For thanks to Satan many such there be ;
 Who wou'd not suffer half a minute's pains,
 To save from Death from Tyranny and Chains
 Their hapless Country, and her valiant Sons ;
 Their loath'd Upbraiders, and their noisy Duns.

You

You, Anus, who thro' various Climates roam
 And bring ten thousand foreign vices home;
 Thy horrid Crimes I'll call forth into Day;
 From bosoms where you hop'd they silent lay.
 In France thou'lt learn'd to fawn, to cringe, and lie,
 To cheat at cards, to load and cog the die;
 And as you wander'd o'er Italian ground,
 A sprightly Youth, of fair complexion, found,
 For whom, like Corydon, you felt a flame;
 Your love, but not your fortune, was the same;
 For you obtain'd the long, long wish'd for prize;
 And on his Buttocks cast thy longing eyes.
 When first he lay extended on the Bed!
 His breeches down, his shirt above his head;
 His breeches down, his scruples all subdu'd;
 And thy fond lips to his posteriors glew'd,
 Canst thou forget the raptures you enjoy'd,
 Till with excess of pleasure you were cloy'd.
 Curs'd be thy damn'd, thy vitiated taste,
 Thou filthy Monster, thou infernal Beast;
 You who than vilest Brutes are more absurd;
 Who drive that Member into heaps of turd,
 That Member made for no such vile abuse;
 But form'd for wise, and far more noble Use,
 In body odious, and in soul deform'd,
 By not one single spark of virtue warm'd,

A Foe to Nature's, and thy Country's law,
 That Country which thou'ft vended for a straw,
 A Title, which like thee is empty, vain,
 Which Pitt despis'd, and Perry wou'd disdain.
 May'ft thou to some unwholesome Clime be sent ;
 May Scorpions sting thee, and may Wasps torment,
 And may thy nose by ordures be assail'd,
 'Till to a cross thy hands and feet be nail'd ;
 That Men may learn in all succeeding times,
 To shun thy vices and avoid thy crimes.
 No longer by Satyric rage inspir'd,
 With painting Villains, and their vices tir'd,
 I feel, with joy, the mighty storm suppress'd
 That toss'd my soul, and labour'd in my breast :
 With joy I let the cutting weapon fall,
 Which I took up at Virtue's sacred call :
 And sing of Men whom truth and honor guide ;
 Who bravely work against corruption's tide ;
 Who, taught by freedom, fear no Bashaw's nod ;
 Who love their Country, and adore their God ;
 Who 'gainst the Wretched never shut the door ;
 Who guard the Orphan, and protect the Poor ;
 Who, in their native Clime, their Fortunes spend
 And ne'er in vain, let Creditors attend ;
 Whose happy Tenants till the fertile ground ;
 Who joy diffuse, and plenty spread around ;

On whom the blessings of ten thousand wait;
 Whose praise ten thousand grateful tongues repeat;
 Who, ever fearless, Virtue's steps pursue;
 Who're to their Monarch, and their Country true;
 Who're still employ'd for great and noble ends;
 Who're Poets Patrons, and the Muses Friends:
 And, pleas'd to cherish all the useful arts,
 Who've this inscription written on their hearts,
 Those, in their Country's good, who spend their days,
 The Foes of Sloth, of Indolence, and Ease,
 Whate'er the species of their merit be;
 Shall find a Patron, and a Friend in me.
 To thee, Kildare, to thee, this praise belongs;
 Thou subject worthy of the Poet's songs;
 The Poet who his grateful tribute brings,
 Who knows, and loves the Hero whom he sings;
 The Hero who shall live as long as time;
 Shall live and flourish in immortal rhyme.
 And when his Country's freedom shall decay;
 When States are sunk, and Senates swept away;
 Whose Name, and mem'ry praises shall command,
 Diffus'd, ador'd, and honor'd thro' the land.
 Oh! Hillsborough! around thy sacred Tomb,
 The Bay shall flourish and the laurel bloom;
 Whilst who comes nigh shall drop a grateful tear;
 And sob out Hill, the mighty Hill, lies here:

The

The mighty Hill, the Father of the Isle,
 Who made the Mountains and the Desert smile;
 Who cloath'd the Naked, and the Hungry fed,
 Belov'd when living, worship'd now he's dead.
 Sandford th' unwearied friend of ev'ry Man
 Attach'd to Reason's, and to honor's plan;
 When thou ly'st bury'd, in the peaceful grave;
 The fate, at last, of all the Good and Brave;
 Thy worth, thy name, thy glory, and thy praise
 Shall live unfaded in the Poet's lays.—
 Longford whose soul's with ev'ry virtue fraught,
 By Plato, Tully, or by Hampden, taught;
 Who, free, with dignity, polite with ease,
 Art form'd, alike to govern, and to please;
 When thou the Good, the Noble, and the Just;
 When all thy mortal part is turn'd to dust;
 Thy name, transmitted in the Poet's page,
 Shall live in Song, and bloom in ev'ry Age.
 Friend to my Country, and the friend of truth,
 I must not here forget the martial Youth,
 The Youth, O Longford, worthy such a Sire;
 Whom Blakes and Ruffels warlike Souls inspire;
 Who pleas'd to hear the Surge, and Cannon's roar,
 Disdain'd luxurious ease, and left the shore;
 Left it his Country's Glory to maintain;
 To curb the insolence of France and Spain;

With

With Gallic blood, to tinge the Gallic tide ;
 His leader Virtue, Public-love his guide ;
 His leader Virtue, Public good his end ;
 His Country's Honor, Ornament, and Friend.
 Brownlow and Perry stedfast, honest, sage ;
 The Pym, and Holles, of th' unworthy Age ;
 Eternal fame, eternal praise, are thine ;
 Unfading Wreaths around thy Temples shine ;
 Unfading Wreaths which you have nobly won,
 By razing all enslaving Works begun ;
 So oft begun, so often forward found,
 As often sap'd, and tumbled to the ground
 By you, whom honesty has always led ;
 Of Knaves the scourge, the terror and dread.
 O Brien, French, unting'd by vice's stains,
 Where honor triumphs, and where freedom reigns,
 Thy Worth, Renown, Integrity, and Fame,
 Shall be th' example, and the darling theme.
 Oh ! sacred Names ! Oh ! Men for ever blest'd !
 Fear'd by the Bad, and by the Good caress'd ;
 Whose Names, and Glory, evermore shall bloom,
 And o'er the Earth diffuse a sweet perfume,
 Whoever knows that you have liv'd unbrib'd,
 Shall know that SPENCER lov'd what he describ'd ;
 The Virtue lov'd that ornaments his strains ;
 And hated all who'd forge their Country's chains.

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